Bul. I haue too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall,
To breath th' abundant dolour of the heart.
Gau. Thy griefe is but thy abſence for a time.
Bul. Ioy abſent, griefe is preſent for that time.
Gau. What is ſixe Winters, they are quickly gone?
Bul. To men in joy, but griefe makes one houre ten.
Gau. Call it a trauell, that thou takeſt for pleaſure.
Bul. My heart will figh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which finds it an inforced Pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteps
Eſteeme a ſoyle, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious Iewell of thy home-returne.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froſty *Caucaſus*?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow
By thinking on phantaſtick Summers heate?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good
Giues but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth, doth ever rankle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
Gau. Come, come (my ſonne) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Bul. Then Englands ground farewell; ſweet ſoyle adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurſe, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-borne Engliſhman.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.

Rich. We did obſerve. Coſin *Aumerle*,
How farre brought you high *Hereford* on his way.

Aum.

Aum. I brought high Hereford (if you call him ſo)
But to the next high way, and there I left him.
Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of parting teares were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none by me: except the Northeaſt wind
Which then blew bitterly againſt our face,
Awak'd the ſleepy rhewme, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
Rich. What ſaid our Coſin when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewell: & for my heart diſdained that my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſſion of ſuch griefe,
That word ſeem'd buried in my ſorrowes grave.
Marry, would the word farewell, had lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould have had a volume of Farewels,
But ſince it would not, he had none of me.
Rich. He is our Coſin (Coſin) but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends,
Our ſelfe, and *Buſhy*, *Bagot* here and *Greene*
Obſeru'd his Courtſhip to the common people:
How he did ſeeme to dive into their hearts,
With humble, and familiar courteſie,
What reverence he did throw away on ſlaves;
Wooing poore Craftſmen, with the craft of ſmiles,
And patient under-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,
A brace of Dray-men bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thankes my Countrimen, my Loving friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubjects next degree in hope.
Gr. Well, he is gone, and with him goe theſe thoughts
Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in *Ireland*,
Expedient mannage muſt be made my Liege
Ere further leyſure, yeeld the further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highneſſe loſſe.